WHEN ANTHROPOPHAGI DINE

TABLE DEPORTMENT OF THE WILD SAVAGE ISLANDERS.

A Dispassionate Disquisition Upon the Gastronomy of Such as Eat Their Fellow Men and Make No More Fuss Over Such Food Than Over Any Other Victuals.

The amount of rank nonsense that has been written about cannibalism is measurable only by the quire, the ream, and the shelf full of stately volumes. As an abhorrent practice its persistence among savage races has engaged the attention of many students. Dominated by fixed ideas, such authors have failed to make allowance for the equal fixity of a distinctly opposite group of ideas among peoples on a far different culture plane. One experience at table with the present day anthropophagi would serve to overturn every one of the conclusions arrived at under academic conditions by all these closet philosophers. One hungry cannibal can teach more about cannibalism than all the ethnologists in every society ever formed.

Provided the investigator is sufficiently interested in the life of undeveloped man to endure the inconveniences, sometimes amounting to perils, of travel in savage lands, it is by no means difficult to witness the habits at table of those whose principal viand is the man who has fallen to their bow and spear. In the long chain of islands off the east coast of Australia and stretching from the French colony of New Caledonia to and including New Guinea and even beyond that great island to an indefinite margin resting upon the higher culture plane of the Malayan Dyaks—in this insular chain of thousands of miles men eat their brother men day by day, enjoy the repast and think no harm.

Where the white men have made any lasting settlement, where the missionaries have established their ameliorating work, where occupation of the savage area by the civilized Powers has been manifested by armed presences, in such rare and widely separated instances the Pacific Islanders have had to yield, albeit sullenly through lack of comprehension of the alien standard of taste, and their inherited repasts tend to disappear, although when opportunity serves they may yet be practised in secret. Such a state of affairs came to light in the colony of Fiji in 1892, after it had been under the complete dominance of civilized folk for half a century, and for a score of years of that time it had been an ably administered British possession. Yet in some slight uprising, so slight that it was reduced by a scanty detail of native police, there was a recrudescence of the ancestral practice in which, among others, a Fijian Methodist pastor was dined upon by several of his flock.

But in the wilder islands—and all is of the utmost wildness just around the corner from the few points of white settlement—the islanders are just as much cannibals as ever they were, and they pursue the custom with the unconcern which attaches to any one of the habits of life wherever found. The only hesitation which they may feel in the matter arises from the impression which has been forced upon them that the white races do not look upon the matter in the same light that they do and that therefore white men are to be held tabu for table use. It is often said that this is based upon some superstition, but so long as those most acquainted with these primitive men find such insuperable difficulty in a sympathetic appreciation of the working of their low intelligences the point may remain in doubt.

There is great joy in a village of man-eaters along this island chain when the larder is replenished, whether by open onfall or by forest strategy. Loud arises the shout of victory, the drums beat a triumphant report of the kill and thus glorify the village which has earned the feast as far as the sound may carry, and equally humiliate and prompt to sudden reprisal the village whose burgher has inhospitably become the centre of alien hospitality.

But the joy differs not at all from the gratified pride of the hunter when he brings home his kill even in our own societies. When the hunter upon the sea brings to beach a fine turtle in proof of his prowess his associates flock around to sing his praises, not metaphorically but with real chants and drumbeat on the village green. When the hunter in the lesser groves has brought home a load of pigeons which he has had the luck to smoke from their roosts or to capture in a skilful cast of the net, again the triumphing shout of the kill echoes over the little neck of woods that hardly and with ever present risk he may call his home. When the daring ranger comes down from the trackless forest of the higher mountains and brings with him a wild boar that his dog has brought to bay and that he has met upon his spear point in some ripping rush not without danger, again the shout of the kill.

If then the brave man brings home the largest meat of all upon those islands, who shall find it grewsome and blood curdling that the kill shout is even louder raised? The risk was greater, the prize was heavier, it is reason enough for a louder, longer shout of triumph. One may not be too severe in criticism of the untutored savage when he finds his own associates prompt to weigh their biggest trout to the smallest fraction of an ounce and to do it when the fish is yet wet from the brook, to count the tines upon the head that is to hang over some table glittering with glass and silver and napery. Wherever this shout is raised it is the cry of good hunting, nothing more.

In combination the closet philosopher and the fixed ideas have drawn for the common comprehension a ghastly picture of the feasting of the cannibals. As a matter of fact any man who travels around the islands of the western Pacific can see these meals, indeed he cannot help seeing them, and he never will see aught but a meal served with order and decorum.

The cooking is the same all over this island region, the viands, whether fish or flesh or vegetables, are wrapped in leaves and heaped on glowing stones in a pit oven, covered over with a thick layer of green leaves, then more hot stones, and a blanket of earth over all. It is very satisfactory cookery. After hours of such baking the escaping wreaths of steam signify by their savor to the waiting cooks that the meal is ready and the cover is not swept from the oven until all the food is well done. It matters not what the meat may be that is put into one of these ovens, it comes not out until it is done to a turn. So much for the idea of dripping flesh. These islanders must have all their fish and flesh well done or they will not touch it.

The cannibal is very clean and neat about his table manners, it being recognized that the expression, used for convenience of description, is an anachronism when applied to a folk which still takes all its meals at the level of the ground. The table has not yet evolved in his schedule of needs; but the manners are there, and they are neat and orderly solely because they are based on principles of wholesome cleanliness.

The meat is shared to the different households in accordance with an unfailing scheme of distribution based upon the importance in the common life of the head of each family. Each family, each mess of the young men still without family, takes its allowance in clean wrappings to its own home after the joints have been allotted by the chief. There the eating mats are spread, specially woven to serve as table surface, carefully cleaned after every time of use and bleached in the sun. Upon the mat is spread a layer of banana leaves freshly picked, a leaf that is always clean. Upon this clean surface the food is spread, the head of the household apportions it to his family, every portion put upon a smaller serving mat with the same banana leaf covering, carving the meat with freshly riven splinters of bamboo, as good a knife as one could wish. Before every meal the hands and mouth must be washed, a ceremonial ablution when viewed as a matter of etiquette, but none the less a thorough cleansing; the same ceremony is repeated at the end of the meal.

Meal time with these wild islanders is not diversified with conversation; that is a mollification of their manners which yet lies many stages of culture ahead of them. Each sits at his appointed place with the food before him, each recognizes but the one obligation to put this food as soon as possible where it will do the most good. It is only after the last of the meal has gone, after the soiled leaves have been taken away, the mats shaken out and set aside to clean, the ceremonial ablution performed at the end of the dining—then it is that the diners sit around and become sociable.

Such is the true story of long pig. It is meat, and no more. One dines and is thankful; if the meat is larger to-day than it was yesterday, then so much the more reason for thanksgiving. The basic idea is repugnant to one group of humanity, to another it presents no repugnance whatsoever; obliterating that sole point upon which the two groups may never come into accord the cannibal feast reduces itself to a square meal and nothing else. This is the sober and well considered judgment reached after seeing scores of such meals here and there throughout the Pacific region, some indeed in places never before seen by white men, where the unwitting islanders invited their discoverer to participate, an act intent with hospitality.

AT EPSOM AND AT LONGCHAMP.

The Derby a More Turbulent Scene Than the Grand Prix.

The Grand Prix is the culminating point in the Paris season, but at the same time it possesses a real sporting interest. It is always run in the middle of June, says the *Independent*. After that the Paris season is supposed to be over; in reality it exists for another three or four weeks, but shorn of its brilliance and official character.

The race has been run for nearly fifty years. The only interval was the year of the Commune, 1871, when people had other and more desperate struggles to think about. It was established by the Duc de Morny, but he never gave his name to the race, as did Lord Derby, who founded the celebrated event in England.

The race has often been compared with the English Derby, but in reality there are many points of difference. Across the Strait the old contest on Epsom Downs is the occasion for a great public holiday by all sorts and conditions of men.

The sight on the Epsom road is one of the most extraordinary in the world. All manner of vehicles are out, from the tiny donkey shay of the humble costermonger to the lordly four-in-hand and motor car of the plutocrats.

The Derby lacks the elegance of the Grand Prix. The arrangements for the race are much more rough and ready. There is no charge made to enter the heath. Thousands who go there never watch the race at all. It is a popular picnic, and the odd little vehicles that have come from town often convey substantial baskets of provisions.

No road is kept open to the grand stand, and aristocrats and millionaires have to force their way through the crowd. The lunch in the grand stand is a curious sight. Well dressed men and exquisitely gowned women seated at long tables entirely innocent of linen clamor for attention from overworked and not overclean waiters. When the food is finally served it is far from being appetizing.

The King's presence is a great feature. He arrives in an open barouche drawn by four horses and always gets a roaring welcome. If his horse chances to win the demonstration is overwhelming. It is a wild moment when a tornado of British enthusiasm is let loose in honor of a sporting king.

There is more likeness between the British and the American betting methods than between the British and the French. At the Derby there is a huge Tattersalls ring where the most reputable bookmakers cry the odds. But it is the outside bookmaker who is the most interesting to the student of human nature.

Here for instance is Original Old Joe, camped under a big white umbrella and declaring in large letters on a blackboard that he has occupied this identical spot for five-and-twenty years. Then there is Jem Brown of Battersea, who seems to be equally proud of his antecedents and tells you that he is "the real old firm."

A hundred others, mounted on boxes and chairs proclaim their honesty and their extraordinary acumen in spotting a winner, though it is just possible that when paying out time comes these blatant gentlemen will be nowhere to be seen.

The Grand Prix is a vastly different proposition. Though a large section of the Parisian population wends its way to the Bois, the crowd that remains outside the gates of the superb racetrack of Longchamp is as great as that which enters.

And be sure that every one who pays his franc and goes upon the "pelouse" (as the racecourse itself is called) does so with the determination to bet, and to have at least five francs on the great race or one of the minor events. The bookmaker has been suppressed in France—he is no longer allowed to do business on the course or in the paddock—but the betting is bigger than ever.

More and more money finds its way to the pari mutuel, which is the only system allowed in France. The pari mutuel pays and never runs away, and furthermore it has the advantage of contributing a large slice of its takings, viz., 12 per cent., to the hospitals and poorhouses of the city.

The balance goes to the society which is responsible for the racing. This is the Jockey Club, which in France as in England is an aristocratic and arbitrary body which keeps a sharp eye on jockeys and presides generally over the arrangements of the meeting.

A French crowd is apt to be very impatient when its feelings are aroused, and some time ago it burned down the whole of the pari mutuel booths on the Longchamp course because it was displeased by the decision of one of the stewards. So violent and menacing was the attitude, in fact, that the police and military as well as firemen had to be called in to save the grand stands from a like fate.

The abolition of the bookmaker has not stopped tape betting. On the contrary there is more than ever, but it is carried on in a clandestine manner. There are certain so-called banking houses in Paris which are nothing more than turf commission agents, who under cover of cashing checks and performing other operations of the banking business really get money on for clients. Betting among women also has vastly increased during the last few years in Paris, and there are several shops, apparently innocently engaged in a confectioner's business, which in reality encourage and record the bets of women.

The homecoming is always a great spectacle after the Grand Prix. There is one tremendous, endless procession of cabs, motors and dogcarts sweeping through the leafy avenues of the Bois down the majestic Champs Elysées to the broad and splendid Place de la Concorde, which is the spacious antechamber to the town of Paris proper. At night the city is given up to gayety. In all the chief restaurants tables have been engaged for weeks beforehand. It is a night of feasting and riot, especially if an Angle-Saxon horse has carried off the trophy. It seems to give an excellent excuse for a thoroughgoing celebration. England, indeed, contributes much to racing in France and has contributed much in the past.

Competition for Engaged Couples.

From the London Express.

Nearly a hundred engaged couples took part in a novel shooting competition which has just concluded at Argovie. The competition was limited to lovers who were engaged and willing to be married as soon as possible. The distances were 300, 500 and 1,000 meters, and the scores of each pair were added together.

The prizes were a complete marriage trousseau for the woman and £40 for the man. The winners were a young man named Glauser, and his fiancée, Louise Mathys, aged 19. They will be married on Sunday.

NOLA'S FEAST OF THE TOWERS

QUAINT ANNUAL CEREMONY IN AN OLD ITALIAN CITY.

Lofty Steeples of Wood Carried About the Town—Built Each by a Different Trade—The Celebration in Memory of a Bishop Who Rescued a Stolen Boy.

NOLA, Italy, July 14.—Fifteen hundred years ago a poor old woman lost her only son at the hands of a band of Saracen corsairs who plundered the town of Nola. While the boy was being carried away by his captors the weeping mother, maddened with sorrow, ran to the Bishop, a holy man named Pontius Meropius Paulinus, and invoked his aid.

The Bishop was poor and could not ransom the captive, but he travelled until he came to the place where the corsairs were dividing the booty they had taken and offered to take the place of the boy prisoner. His offer was accepted, the boy was returned to his mother and the Bishop was put in irons.

His captivity was, however, of short duration, as the people of Nola, moved by the noble act of their pastor, sold their belongings, their houses and their clothes and with the money paid for his release. Saint Paulinus was brought back to Nola in triumph, and every year, ever since his death in the year 431, the event of the captive boy's release is commemorated by a characteristic feast which has survived until this very day.

Other events in the history of the old town, the oldest in the Campania, founded in most remote times by the Ausonians and subsequently flourishing under the Etruscans, have been forgotten. The aid sent by Nola to Neapolis in B. C. 327, when a band of 2,000 soldiers saved that city, and the courage displayed by the Nolans under the guidance of M. Marcellus when they thrice repulsed Hannibal, its faithful alliance to powerful Rome and the death of the great Augustus, did not render Nola celebrated and their memory has not been kept up.

Everything connected with the past history of the town has disappeared, and Nola is perhaps the only ancient town where no remains of antiquity are to be found. And yet the simple good action of a Bishop, the saving of a poor boy's life, is remembered to-day and commemorated by the Nolans in the same manner as it has been remembered and commemorated for fifteen centuries. The feast includes a unique procession. Eight lofty steeples of wood and cardboard decorated and painted to represent marble or stone are erected in front of the main church and placed around a statue of St. Paulinus. These steeples are called "gigli." They are about eighty feet high and weigh half a ton.

They generally consist of several compartments one on top of another, each having a different style of architecture, adorned with statues of saints and allegorical personages and surmounted either by a spire or the figure of St. Paulinus. Inside each steeple there is a musical band. The feast commences by the solemn blessing of the eight gigli or lilies by the Bishop, who is dressed in full pontifical robes and surrounded by the clergy.

When this is performed forty strong men dressed alike in costumes intended to reproduce those worn by the Nolans in the fifth century take their place under each tower, put their shoulders under cross poles provided for the purpose and with united effort lift the huge tower from the ground and carry it in procession round the town. Meanwhile the musicians start playing, the crowd applauds and cries "Viva San Paolino!" and from each balcony and window showers of flowers are thrown down. One after another the eight lofty structures followed by the image of St. Paulinus are carried through all the narrow streets of the town. The procession lasts over three hours, during which the bands never cease playing, so that at the end both the men who carry the towers and those who furnish the music are equally fatigued.

But to carry the gigli is considered a great honor. Each tower is built at the expense of a different class of people, who contribute the money and vie with one another for superiority. The bakers, grocers, tavern keepers, masons, carpenters and shoemakers all have a different tower, and the forty men who carry it are picked among those who paid for its erection. In order to encourage the porters slips of paper are pasted round the base of each tower in such a way as to be easily read by the men as with bodies bent struggling under the heavy weight they move up the steep streets of the town.

The mottoes are as unique as the towers themselves. "No use grumbling," reads one, while another perhaps says: "Strong men carry this giglio as if it were a handful of radishes." For a week after the feast is over the gigli are left in the streets and under their shadow there is much banqueting, drinking and merrymaking. Finally they are pulled down and the men who organize the festa and are called masters of the feast, "maestri di festa," start collecting money for the gigli which are to serve for the following year. Such is the feast of Nola; and every year, but for the different designs and architecture of the towers, it is the same.

THE TOWER OF THE SHOEMAKERS.

THE TOWER OF THE TAVERN KEEPERS.

THE TOWER OF THE BAKERS.

THE HONEST SCALES.

Those at Coney Island May Be Models, but Are Their Owners Truthful?

"Whatever scheme the weighers down at Coney Island use," said a frequenter of that place, "I know for sure that they don't all guess by honest means the weights of the persons they tackle. I feel sure there is some trick about the way they always get within two pounds of right figures. If they didn't guess within three pounds of the right weight they'd give the money back. And I never yet have seen one of them who had to give the money back.

"I have heard it suggested that they kept one foot on the chair, but the seat is a half yard off the ground, so that doesn't seem likely. There has been talk, too, of some electrical connection that does the trick. I believe, however, that in the steel arch that supports the chair, there is some spring that the weigher touches in order to make the indicating hand stop. He may put his hand on this steel arch without being noticed, because that seems an entirely natural thing for him to do in order to steady the machine.

"But I have my suspicions anyway, solely because of an experiment I tried one night. I went up to one of these weighers. He felt my right arm and said, 'You weigh 156 pounds.' Then he sat me down in the chair and the dial indicated 154 pounds. So he won. Now, actually I weigh 146 pounds stripped, and the clothes I had on, very light summer things, weighed just six pounds. So there he was off at the very start.

"About an hour later I was walking by again when he called to me. Apparently he did not remember me—not at all surprising either, because there were some other folks on the island. I went over. This time he made a bluff of feeling me over very carefully and said, 'You weigh 160 pounds.' 'You lose,' I remarked. Then I sat down. Up went the scales to 158 pounds. And I had to pay again. I walked away wondering if the air of Coney Island was as bracing as all that.

"Well, I determined to give him another try. So just before I was going home three hours later I wandered down to the weighing machine. I stood there for a minute watching another fellow getting weighed—or skinned. The weigher turned around and said, 'You're next,' obviously not remembering me. This time he got hold of my left arm—which is much smaller than my right—and remarked, 'I will say that you weigh 150 pounds.'

"Did I weigh 150 pounds? Well, more or less. The scales zipped up to 148 pounds and stopped there. That was all. I paid for the third time.

"Then I said to the man, 'Are those scales of yours any good or are they affected by the sea air?' 'How d'ye mean?' he asked. 'Well,' I replied, 'about 9 o'clock I weighed 154 pounds on them; a little after 10 o'clock I weighed 158 pounds, and now I weigh 148 pounds. If you were right once out of three times certainly you were wrong twice. What's the answer?' 'Beat it,' he replied. 'I only weighed you this once. There are lots of people tryin' to spring that game on me, but it don't go. Why don't you learn to give up a nickel without a roar?'

"So I still think the scheme isn't honest, but I can't get any proof from the weigher."

AT THE FRANCO-BRITISH SHOW

FRENCH EXHIBITS DISPLAYED WITH MORE TASTE.

The Fine Arts Display From Across the Channel Disappointing—One Really Fashionable Restaurant—Disappointing Number of Foreign Visitors.

LONDON, July 11.—The Franco-British Exhibition is now in full swing. The buildings are at last satisfactorily completed. Exhibits are arranged in their various places and the people flock to the grounds by the many routes designed to accommodate them.

In the bright sunshine of the summer days the vista of snow white palaces is almost too garish. Only a strip of green grass here and there and occasional borders of plants relieve the effect of all this dazzling whiteness. It is during the sunset, the long twilight and later still, when the illuminations commence, that the exhibition grounds are exquisitely beautiful and restful. With the soft pink glow of the fading sun in the sky the white buildings assume rosy tints; as the shadows of the twilight deepen upon them they change to pearly gray and their turrets and towers begin to sparkle with lights. When darkness comes myriads of electric stars shine out along the sides, down the fronts and over the entrances of the palaces. The Court of Honor becomes a veritable blaze of brilliant yellow, and the cascade pours green, purple, red and blue water into the pools of the lagoon, which are black by contrast.

As far as the exhibits themselves are concerned, here as at all other expositions they receive but a small share of attention. Yet they are interesting, if only because they show in their very arrangement the absolute dissimilarity of French and English tastes and ideas. Take for instance the exhibits from the two countries of gowns, hats and furs which are to be found in the spacious quarters of the building of Applied Arts. In the French exhibit the figures wearing the garments are posed with such skill that it is a joy to look at them; their attitudes are natural and there is always a slight attempt at scenic decoration to heighten the effect; while in the British exhibit of the same sort the old fashioned dolllike models of the shop window variety stand stiffly in gowns of English make which try in vain to rival French ones. All through the department of Applied Arts one finds the same thing. Whatever the French have arranged has been done with exquisite taste and skill.

It is in the Fine Arts building that France has failed to come up to her standard. Either she was afraid to trust her treasured pictures and statuary to the vicissitudes of the trip and the exhibition or else she seriously thought that what she did send was enough to give her new allies an adequate idea of French art. Rumor had it that all the provincial cities of France were gladly parting temporarily with their art gems to loan them to the exhibition and that the walls of the Louvre and the Luxembourg would contain many empty spaces where there had been pictures sent to England. Perhaps they really intended to do all this, but they did not live up to it and any one who judged French painting and sculpture by the exhibit in the Fine Arts building would be much deceived.

There are three Claude Monets, not the finest examples of his work, a very poor Carrière, three Meissoniers and a Bouguereau. These are the best of the collection, the rest are inferior indeed. Not a Degas, a Manet, a Fantin Latour, to be seen. In sculpture not even one example of Rodin's work.

The British side of the Fine Arts building is much superior. Many of the best examples of English art have been moved here from the Tate and Wallace galleries as well as from many provincial museums.

A very interesting British exhibit is in the Science department. Here are shown photographs and models of different forms of the Sleeping Sickness and other tropical diseases.

The Palace of Women's Work is another disappointment. One of the smallest of the buildings, it contains little of interest and that not well displayed. Pamphlets of all sorts abound in every booth and one can read of the work women are doing, though one sees small evidence of it there.

Australia and Canada have surpassed themselves in the variety and excellence of their displays. Canada has improved the opportunity to advertise her facilities and to invite the surplus population of Europe and the United States to come in and enjoy the land. The Dominion Government has placed around the building a large number of "notice boards" which cannot fail to catch the eye. Each board conveys in a few words certain facts about the country, its industries, &c., and a visitor leaves the section assured that Canada is wanting him and that more than 160 acres of fine rich land are waiting for him if he will only go and settle upon it; also that the Canadian Government will assist him with expert advice, and further will present him with the fruit trees most suitable for his soil and climate. The boards also point to the fact that a large influx of Americans have arrived in Canada and that if the Englishman is coming he had better start at once.

The principal industries of Canada are admirably illustrated. The wheat growing, lumbering, wood pulp, dairying and orcharding are represented by exhibits of the most elaborate and interesting character.

The fantastic but really wonderful display of butter is always surrounded by a large throng, for here a big refrigerating chamber contains life sized figures modelled in delicious looking butter of King Edward meeting President Fallières, the likeness in each case being very accurate.

Australia displays an imposing array of wheat, oats, barley, peas, beans, honey, cheese, mineral products, an exhibition of meat frozen and prepared for shipping, how fruit is grown and what Australia can do as a producer of wine and beer.

"The largest collection of southern Nigerian products ever brought together under one roof" is to be seen in the West African section and are not half so imposing as they sound. They are agricultural and mineral.

The French Colonies are not largely represented, but they have a creditable showing.

It is the villages and side shows which attract the crowd at this as at all other expositions. The Irish village with its pretty colleens and quaint old fishermen and women, its Mackinley cottage and imitation round towers, is the most successful attraction.

The Ceylon village with its school of half naked black youngsters, its men weaving, making pottery and doing lace work, comes next in favor.

The Indian village with its jugglers and magicians also draws a crowd.

Then there are Old London, where you pay ten cents to see a model of London as it was before the great fire; the Algerian bazaar, the stereomanics, "Life From the Lifeless," which is only a magnifying magic lantern show; the flipflap, the scenic railways, the spiders' webs, the puzzle rooms and the thousand and one other ways of making the visitor dispense with his dimes. These are the places where the people flock after a hurried glance at the French and English exhibits of more value but less interest.

Though the British have patronized the exhibition beyond even the fondest hopes of its promoters, the French have not arrived in such numbers as was expected. Undoubtedly the Sunday closing of the grounds has had something to do with this, as it hardly pays the French tradesman to take a week end ticket for the exhibition if he cannot enter the place on Sunday. At any rate the percentage of French visitors has been small and it is the Britisher who is in evidence, with a slight sprinkling of American tourists taking in the exhibition with the other sights of London.

As at all English affairs, there are class distinctions and the various places for the various grades of society. The really fashionable part of the exhibition is the Elite Gardens. Just here Paillard, the famous restaurateur, has a great building where an excellent French meal can be obtained. Society secures seats for dinner away in advance, then motors out to dine on the terrace of the restaurant and watch the sunset, the twilight and the brilliant illuminations of the "White City."

Here are men and women of the smart world to be seen every evening in gay parties of four and six. They do not waste time on the exhibition, but go at once to Paillard's terrace.

By common consent the average Cockney takes his girl to the side shows and then to Lyons's for a beefsteak and kidney pudding. What interest does she take in such faraway places as Austria and Nigeria? No; the flipflap for her and for him. So away they go.

The only real students of the carefully arranged exhibits are the English school teachers and their pupils, some few earnest French provincials and the painstaking American tourists who have a tired look as who would say: "It does seem hard that with all London to do in a week we have to take the exhibition in also."

ICE BUCKING IN NORTHERN SEA.

How the First Boat in Annual Race for Land of Gold Got Into Nome.

I arrived here via the steamer Victoria, Monday, June 15, after a most exciting as well as dangerous trip, writes a correspondent of the *Lawrence World* from Nome. Our passage from Seattle to beyond Uniwak Pass was tame enough, the weather being ideal and the ocean almost as calm as a mill pond. After reaching Bering Sea we had the same kind of weather and it looked as though we were going to make a record run, many feeling confident that we would find that all the ice had already gone north and that Bering Sea would be cleared. Instead of this being the case we found that there was more ice in it than had ever before been encountered at this time of the year.

We first ran into the ice Monday morning at about 6 o'clock and from then on we had to steer slowly for fear of springing the steel plates of which our boat is made. We kept this up until late the following afternoon, when a heavy fog settled down and we had to anchor to an ice floe until it cleared again. This fog continued, never lifting for more than a few hours, until Thursday, June 11, after which we continued to creep along.

Friday morning we ran into an almost absolutely solid pack, and after steaming up and down on the outside of the pack for a day Capt. Porter of our ship decided that the only feasible thing for us to do was to lay to outside of this pack until it should break up and give us a chance to get through. By this time the steamer Olympia had come up to us, and together we anchored outside of this pack. We had only been anchored a short time when the steamer Senator came into sight, and having a captain aboard with more nerve than judgment the Senator was headed right into this ice pack. After once starting there was no turning back, even though he wanted to.

Perhaps you think that Capt. Porter wasn't mad, when he saw what Capt. Reilly of the Senator was doing. There was the double risk to be encountered, namely: That of sinking the boat by too hard bucking of the ice, and that of being caught in the ice as it broke up and carried north into the Arctic Ocean. This last danger wasn't imaginary, for two boats were caught a few years ago in just this way and did not get out of the Arctic until late in the summer.

Such is the rivalry to get into Nome first that our captain was forced to follow, for if he didn't and the Senator got into Nome safe, the Alaskan Steamship Company, controlling the Victoria, would never have forgiven Porter for stopping outside the pack. More than that, the passengers themselves considered that Porter was over nervous and urged him on. By noon of the next day the Senator was entirely out of sight and even Capt. Porter was of the opinion that she had struck clear water on the other side.

By this time he began to think that the Senator had really stolen a march on him and that feeling, together with the nagging of the passengers, made him feel pretty sore, and he decided to strike out after the Senator. He was more than aroused and went after that ice pack three times as hard as the Senator ever dared to. It seemed as though he only knew three signals—one was to back up, another to stop, and the third to go at full speed ahead.

The Victoria is a big boat for the Pacific, being 358 feet long and having twenty-one feet under water when she is loaded with as much more above. We had about six hundred passengers and 1,300 tons of freight. You can imagine that when this monster hit the ice something had to give, and it was often a question as to whether it would be the ice or the boat.

Before night we had nearly overhauled the Senator, but had broken our steering gear, smashed one blade of our propeller and had loosened several plates on the side of the boat. We were leaking like a sieve. Often when we would hit the ice the boat would quiver from stem to stern. After breaking the steering gear they rigged up a hand rudder and kept right on.

Toward night a fog settled down, but we couldn't stop for that, as the water might beat us to the shore. We never knew either at what moment the leaks might get larger or more numerous. It was a very nervous time on shipboard. I didn't go to bed myself until nearly 12 o'clock, and then it took me nearly two hours to get to sleep.

Although most of us had confidence in our captain and his ability to pull us through, there were a few who were scared nearly to death. One fellow rushed up on deck from the steerage almost frantic and wanted to know if Capt. Porter didn't know that there was only a couple of inches of steel between his bunk and the sea.

When I awoke in the morning the fog had cleared away and we were two miles ahead of the Senator. We ploughed along, bucking the ice, sometimes taking half an hour to get by an unusually solid piece and sometimes shooting ahead for as much as half a mile without stopping. It was ticklish business. By 5 o'clock in the evening we got out of the ice and into clear water, so we were able to sail along at good speed for the last 25 miles.

It was just a little before 7:30 Monday evening that we dropped anchor in the roadstead, just six days late. I thought the town would go wild cheering as we came in on the launches. As usual, Nome did things up brown, sending a large delegation, having the brass band and the whole population of Nome out to meet us.